

THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.

UNWED BY POWER—UNREDOED BY FLATTERY—WE BATTLE IN OUR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

VOLUME 1.

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"OH NO WE NEVER MENTION IT."

Oh no! we never mention it.

Its name is never heard.

Of space we're forbid to speak—

That once familiar word.

Shin-plasters they would offer me,

To banish my regret,

And though I never see the coin,

They think that I forget.

They bid me find in dollar notes,

The charms that others see,

But when I would a-shopping go,

No change is there for me.

'Tis true that I behold no more

The gold which I regret,

Not even silver can I see,—

But how can I forget?

For oh! there is so many things

Recall the spectacle!

The brokers' windows show it yet,

Although in scar-city.

Sam Swartout fingers nothing else—

A happy man as yet,

But o! the act of Congress pass'd,

Van Buren won't forget.

They tell me Wall-street's happy now,

The gayest of the gay,

They hint that credit's just as good—

I heed not what they say,

Like me perhaps they struggle on,—

Or waste off in debt.

But were they damn'd as I am damn'd,

They never would forget.

THE LITTLE MAID.

There was a little maid

Who wore a little bonnet,

And she had a little finger

With a little ring upon it.

She screwed her little waist,

To such a little size,

That it made her little tears,

Rush to her little eyes.

This pretty little maid

Had a pretty little bean,

Who wore a little hat,

And gloves as white as snow,

He said his little heart

Was in a little flutter,—

That he loved a little maid,

And so one else but her.

She smiled a little smile,

When he breathed his little vows;

And he kissed her little hands,

With many little bows;

By little and by little

Her little heart did yield,

Till little tears and sighs,

Her little face revealed.

A little while—alas!

And her little bean departed,

With all his little vows,

And left her broken hearted;

Now all ye little maids,

A moral I will leave you;

Don't trust to little men,

They surely will deceive you.

HUMANITY.

Jeer not others upon any occasion.—If they be foolish, God hath denied them understanding; if they be vicious, you ought to pity, not revile them; if deformed, God framed their bodies, and will you scorn his workmanship? and are you wiser than your Creator? If poor, poverty was designed as a motive to charity, not contempt; you cannot see what riches they have within.

It is a too common practice with the young and frivolous, to ridicule the insane, the infirm, and the deformed; then which nothing is more derogatory to the humane and sympathetic. Who is so much to be pitied as the lunatic, the blind, and the blind? What so deplorable to man's nobleness of soul, as tyranny over the unfortunate. The great helm of misfortune is condole; it can heal the broken heart.

The afflictions of men are manifold and great; even when most beautiful and proud to behold. His joys are "few and far between," his sorrows come in showers; then let us sympathize with him in his beauty and pride; let us know and feel that we are flesh of his flesh, and that while we soothe him we benefit ourselves. Oh! do not scorn him when the heavy hand of affliction is sinking him into dust, when reason has deserted her throne from care and oppression, and the torments of distraction are tearing in his dune of thought. How much consolation is due to the blind, who cannot see the light of the glorious sun, nor the radiance of the "human form divine." How revolting is the thought of mocking so hapless a being! Is it not deplorable to be deaf to the sound of the human voice, or the pealing crash of the mighty thunder, or the "sweet music's strains," how heavily must the monotony of stillness weigh upon the heart.

He that is deprived by nature or misfortune of his members; who is helpless as an infant, and who is depending like it for succor and support from the hands of another is truly to be condoled with and assisted. The example has been set by an all-wise and good Being, and through him by the inferior creation. The dog has been known to limp when necessity compelled his companion. The lion will lick the wound of his fellow, and moan in sorrow. And shall man, the animal endowed with the God-like gift of intellect; whose breast ought to be a perpetual fountain, filled with the milk of human kindness, constantly streaming forth to alleviate the suffering and distress of poor frail humanity.—I say, shall man turn a deaf ear to voice of his suffering fellow; or mock and deride him, for the work of God, while the very brutes of creation betray more sympathy and social feeling.

Then deride not man's deformity or afflictions, but bless God they are not yours. Men shall answer at God's bar for their vicious habits, but not for their natural imperfections.

MORGAN.

After Cornwallis' arrival in Virginia, he sought an opportunity to escape into North Carolina, but the address and vigilance of Lafayette disconcerted all his schemes. After the British commander arrived at Yorktown, and commenced his fortifications, says Mr Sparks, Lafayette asked Col. Barber if he knew of a trusty, capable soldier, whom he could send as a spy into Cornwallis' camp. He answered that there was one in the New Jersey line, by the name of Morgan, who was in all respects suited to such an enterprise.

The General sent for him, and told him he had a very difficult task to propose to him; which was, that he should pretend to desert, and go over to the British camp, and enlist as a soldier. Morgan answered that he was ready to do any thing in the service of the country, and to oblige his General; but that his feelings revolted at such a proposal. He must assume the character of a spy, and if detected, he would not only lose his life, but bring a lasting disgrace upon his name. He desired the reputation of a good soldier, and a zealous, true lover of his country, but he could not endure the thought of being a spy. After some conversation, however, he told the General that he would go on one condition, which was, that in case any disaster should happen to him, the General should make the true state of the case known, and have the particulars published in the New Jersey Gazette, that no reproach might come upon his family and friends for his supposed misconduct. To this the General assented.

Morgan joined the British camp and enlisted. Lafayette left every thing to his discretion, but told him that he was to be the impression particularly given, that he had boats enough to transport all his army across James river. Morgan had been a little time in camp, when Lord Cornwallis sent for him and asked him many questions. Tarleton was with him at the time, and inquired of Morgan among other things, how many boats Gen. Lafayette had on the river. He said he did not know the exact number, but he had been told there were enough to carry over all the army at a moment's warning.

"There!" exclaimed Cornwallis to Tarleton, "I told you this would do," from which it appeared that they had this project in view.

The French fleet in the mean time arrived. Gen. Lafayette had been out to reconnoiter, and when he returned he

found six men in the British uniform, and one green coated Hessian at his quarters; and among them was Morgan. "Well, Morgan," asked the General with surprise, "whom have you got here?" Five British soldiers who have deserted with me, and a Hessian whom we captured at the outpost," was his reply. He went on to say that, as the French fleet had arrived, and he presumed his services could no longer be of any use to the General in the British camp, he had remained, and these deserters and this prisoner were the result of his expedition.

The General sent for Morgan the next day, and told him that his conduct had been in the highest degree meritorious, and that he proposed to make him a sergeant. Morgan listened to the proposal, and said he was highly gratified to have pleased his commander, but declined the promotion. He added, that he believed himself a good soldier, but that he was by no means certain he should make a good sergeant; that he joined the army from a principle of duty and patriotism, because he believed his country needed his services, and the same motive induced him to prefer a station where he was satisfied he should be the most useful. The General then offered him money, but this he refused also, saying his circumstances were such at home that he did not need money. "What then can I do for you?" inquired the General. "I have one favor to ask," replied Morgan; "during my absence some person has taken my gun; I set great value upon it, and it will give me particular pleasure." The gun was described, and the General issued an order requiring it to be returned. This was all the reward that Morgan could be prevailed upon to accept.

The above anecdote was related to me by Gen. Lafayette himself, nearly fifty years after the event, with much warmth of feeling and admiration for the soldier's magnanimity.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

The following from the London Sporting Magazine for August, furnishes a couple of striking instances of good and bad luck:

"The late Luke White, the celebrated Irish millionaire, commenced life as an errand boy to a book stall, and finished it by representing, in his own person, and those of his three sons, four counties in parliament. Having succeeded in scraping together as much as enabled him to purchase a few pamphlets, the titles of stationary, he tied his wallet to his back, and set up as a pedler. His tour performed, and his merchandise disposed of, he turned his steps once more towards Dublin, to replenish his knapsack and add to his store. When some thirty miles short of his destination, he retired into a field adjoining the high road to dine on a crust, and wash it down with a draught from the rivulet upon whose banks the humble meal was made. That over, he renewed his journey, arriving towards evening of the following day, at his destination. The succeeding morning saw him sally forth in quest of merchandise, when to his bitter won earnings were gone! The greasy canvass bag, his then strong box, had vanished, and he was again a beggar.

Almost in despair his desperate search was made in the cellar wherein he had slept, but in vain; at length the idea flashed upon him, 'could he have dropped it where by the river side he had dined and stooped to drink from the stream?' Instantly the road was retraced, and at the end of the fifth day, half starved and nearly dead with travel, the bag and its contents were found upon the brink of public path, within few yards of the turnpike road. After this, it is not surprising that in a few years we find him in a prosperous business as a bookseller in Dublin. It was during the period when the mania for lottery speculations was at its height. Like others in his line, he dealt in tickets, and upon the particular occasion to which this alludes, he had disposed of all his shares save 2 half tickets which he was in the act of enclosing back as unsold, to London, when a young woman entered his shop and enquired for a sixteenth. He told her how the case stood, that he had no halves remaining, which he was about sending off at that moment. After interchanging some badinage, "come," said the bibliophile, "you shall buy one of the halves, and I will keep the other; and should the ticket turn out to be a prize, we will marry and join ourselves and our tickets together. So it was; the ticket was a twenty thousand pound prize, and they married, the fruit of the union being the three Senators already spoken of.

Here is a sample of the class

the animal was the property of an apprentice boy, who having won him at a raffling match, brought him home and tied him to his stand.

There Mr. Skipjack was an observing character, had a fine opportunity to learn the Printer's trade; at last as far as it could be learned by merely watching the movements of others. How far he profited by it, will presently be seen. If he did not to the end, make the most satisfactory progress, it was certainly not for the want of close observation on his part.

He watched the movements of his young master with the most profound attention. He observed how he set the type, and how he distributed them. But it was the latter which most especially struck his fancy. He saw the lad throwing the bits of metal about him, into the various departments of the case. A down to Liverpool, and his monkey-fingers stretched to be employed on a similar manner.

At last an opportunity was afforded him. The apprentice and all hands having gone to dinner, the monkey was carelessly left on so long a string, that he could easily leap upon the case, and have abundant room for his free and easy movements when there.

On the upper case, were a couple of galley full of type already set for the next paper. Upon these the monkey commenced his distribution. He was not at all careful about taking a single word at a time; or distributing them according to the alphabet. On the contrary he clawed them up by whole handfuls and distributing them in the most preposterous manner; throwing them about him on all sides, without caring whether A went into B's box, B into C's or C into D's—or in now great disorder the various letters became mingled together.

In a word, the monkey, with all his intuitive ingenuity, was doing nothing better than making up the two galley full of type. And this he accomplished in the most rapid and effectual manner. A crowd of the printers should return from their dinner before he had accomplished his job, he threw with might and main, and nearly finished his pile of journeywork, when the boy's master, who had first returned to the office, opened the door and beheld the new printer at work.

So tickled was the man, in spite of the mischief the monkey was doing, that he burst into a roar of laughter, and called out to him to witness the ludicrous movements of their brother type. They came just in time to see him throw the last handful of the two columns of type, which had taken a man's whole days labor in setting.

The monkey having completed his job much to his own satisfaction, turned round & looked the printers in the face grinning and chattering, as if to congratulate them on the accession of the strength they had gained their office.

From the London Globe.

A DREADFUL NARRATIVE.

CLIFTON (Bristol) Sept. 29.—A circumstance occurred yesterday, which has thrown our beautiful village into a state of the utmost excitement. It may not be generally known, that at nearly the summit of a cliff rising 300 feet above the surface of the river Avon, and which is commonly called St. Vincent's rock, there is a hole nearly circular aperture, extending 20 or 30 yards inward, and to which an underground passage was lately excavated by the proprietor of the Clifton Observatory. About noon yesterday, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young and lovely female, appeared at the door of the observatory, and requested to be admitted to the 'Giant's hole,' as this cave is generally called. While one of the attendants went for a torch with which to light them through the passage, the door keeper observing that the gentleman seemed in a state of great excitement, muttering to himself in a low tone of voice, asked if he was not well, hinting that it might be better he should rest himself ere he ventured into the close air of the cavern.

This information was either not heard or not heeded; but the lady said, 'I am much obliged to you for your attention; but my husband is subject to these fits of absence.' The torch bearer having performed his office, left them leaning over the balustrade at the outer entrance of the cave, enjoying the view of the picturesque landscape on each side of them.

Some time passed, and the attendants on the observatory who were walking up and down the cliff, saw the gentleman and a gentle lady; the gentleman could not resist the temptation, and he called out to the lady, 'I am much obliged to you for your attention; but my husband is subject to these fits of absence.' The torch bearer having performed his office, left them leaning over the balustrade at the outer entrance of the cave, enjoying the view of the picturesque landscape on each side of them.

ing fast to the iron rails, and uttering the most piercing screams.

He at last succeeded in lifting her up to the top of the railing, the people at the Observatory hearing the cries, hastened to the scene, but not in time to save a victim; he no sooner heard their footsteps than, with a jerk, he hurled her into the depths below; for a moment he steadfastly regarded the body of the unfortunate lady as it whirled round in the air and fell upon the ground a disfigured mass, and then with a spring, and a demoniacal laugh at those who were on the point of seizing him, he cleared the barrier, but twisted him and eternally; but a just Providence ordained that he should suffer a cruelly for his double crime; he fell upon a pointed pinnacle of a rock, and there impaled and writhing, the wretched man hung for a minute; gradually his hold relaxed, his joints stiffened, and he fell heavily about ten yards from the body of his wife. Those that ran to the lady when she fell heard her only repeat these words, 'My God, I am innocent.' On inquiry it has been ascertained that they arrived at the Gloucester Hotel the evening before from London; but attempt to discover the name or address of the parties has proved abortive.

From the Wilkes Farmer and Democrat.

THE LOST FOUND.

Among the many thrilling and tragic events connected with the history of Weymouth, there is one of the most touching and affecting character, perhaps, that was ever known in the history of our race. It has awakened in the bosoms of all who were acquainted with its deeply tragic character, the liveliest sympathy and the most painful regrets. Those nearest connected with the subject to which we allude, never ceased to mourn with the deepest sorrow until their wounded feelings were soothed in the quiet of the grave. In fact no person with the common sensibilities of our nature acquainted with the heart-rending circumstances, could awaken its recollection without feeling that the tenderest cord of human sympathies was touched.

Nearly sixty years ago, the savages in one of their marauding and murderous excursions to this devoted valley, surprised a family by the name of Shocum, residing on the eastern confines of the village of Wilkesbarre—shot a man at the door—rushed into the house, where they found only the mother of the family with three of her infant children clinging to her knees, plundered the house of all which attracted their attention, then seized a little lame boy whom the mother had kept with her on the account of his disabled condition—(the father and other brothers being away.) to bear him away. The mother in an agony known only to a mother, implored the release of her poor boy, pointing to his wounded limb to signify that he could be of no use to them. As though to antithetize all earthly affections and tear asunder the tenderest ties that bind the heart of a mother to her offspring, the monster released the boy, and with a most diabolical smile—2 years a dear helpless little girl about five years old, and bears the poor little victim off to a fate, to her, forever unknown. The father was soon after slain by a band of the same relentless foe. The brothers of the lost one, with the most laudable enterprise, sought again and again to trace the poor little unfortunate whose fate was totally unknown. Journey after journey and search after search was made, and no expense within their ability was spared to penetrate the veil which hung over the melancholy fate of the poor little captive. All, was in vain—disappointment seemed to mock all these noble efforts of the generous brothers. The poor bereaved mother, forever haunted with the last terrified and hopeless look from her lost babe, as it was borne away by the grizzly savage, never ceased to mourn until Heaven in pity of her anguish, soothed her sufferings on the pillow of death.

Years rolled away—a new race had filled the places of most of the actors in the fearful scenes of the early history of the valley—the recollection of this sad story, except with those most nearly and deeply interested, had passed away; or was only at long intervals adverted to as a dream or romance. All was silence, and the fate of the object of so much interest, and so much feeling, was wrapped in the veil of impenetrable mystery. All had bid farewell to her as dead, hope of again seeing or hearing aught of her this side of the grave, had vanished. But now inscrutable are the ways of providence. A voice from the far west, as from the grave, (thus the mystery of her fate and proclaiming that she yet lives.—Yes, borne away by these ruthless sons of the forest, she is brought up by them in their Indian habits, concealed with the most suitable caution, from the knowledge of the whites, and she as unconsciously taught to conceal her name or story, through the fear of being reclaimed by her friends. She is married twice—has children.